DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

VOL. 4---NO. 66. MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885 PRICE ONE CENT.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST:

Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.

DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA.

ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumers' reliable test,

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PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., MAKERS OF

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,

The strongest, most delicious and natural Extracts known, and

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For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other

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Fresh every day. All kinds of Cream Candies made to order and sent in one and two pound boxes. Fruits of all kinds.

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Dresses cut and made in the latest styles at reasonable prices. Second street, next door to Bank of Maysville. n2d6m

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ICE CREAM a specialty. Fresh bread and cakes. Parties and weddings furnished on short notice.

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Shop a few doors above Yancey & Alexander's livery stable, second street. dtf

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Tinware, Stoneware, Woodenware, &c. Tin Roofing, Guttering, Spouting, and Stove Repairs a specialty. No. 35, Market Street, Tudor's old stand, Maysville, Ky. myddly

SIMMON'S

Medicated Well-Water.

A Specific for DYSPEPSIA and DISEASES of the KIDNEYS.

HAS been used with most gratifying success in many obstinate cases. Prof. F. W. Clark, professor of Chemistry at the University of Cincinnati says this water "belongs to the same class with that of the Alleghany Springs, of Virginia," the medicinal virtues of which are too well known to be stated here.

Those who desire to try this famous water are referred to Captain C. W. Boyd, Lovanna Ohio; Captain C. M. Holloway, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. J. Ralpe, Cincinnati, Ohio. For sale in half barrels and jugs by

GUS. SIMMONS, Proprietor,

[illegible] Ohio.

SMITH'S KIDNEY TONIC--TRY IT.

THE "SEVEN DIALS."

VISIT TO THE RENDEZVOUS OF LONDON'S DESPERADOS.

The Toughest of the Tough as Seen in the English Capital—A Brute's Face—Swine of a Tenement House.

[London Cor. Courier-Journal.]

Dickens has made the "Seven Dials" famous. It is the roost and rendezvous of the "Forty Thieves" and scores of the most abandoned and desperate dare-devils to be found in the precincts of the wicked metropolis. Strange to say, it is in the heart of the city, and within a few squares of some of the principal streets. It is a "near cut" to many important places, if you don't get your throat cut on the way. As I stated before, seven streets radiate from its hub, and you drift into it from almost any direction. It gets its name from the fact that formerly each of the seven buildings that face upon the square had a clock on its front—hence "The Seven Dials."

A walk of a few minutes brought us to the center of the "Seven Dials." We were now about to enter in medias res sure enough. The inspector stepped up to the policeman on duty, and gently exhibiting his card and some other sort of insignia, exchanged a few words sotto voce. The shrill whistle of the policeman sounded and another uniformed knight bobbed up serenely as though from the bowels of the earth.

We formed a procession eight strong, and set out down one of the dreariest streets followed by a villainous crowd, who were certain that an arrest was going to be made. A short distance and we stopped in front of a dilapidated old building. One of the policemen went to the head of the column and the other brought up the rear, while we moved on the enemy. We groped our way, Indian file, through dark hall-ways down a narrow staircase into a dimly-lighted cellar-room filled with ferocious and crestfallen characters. There they were of all ages, from the 16 year old boy to the hoary head. They were taking their sorry suppers, and our visit was a surprise party.

It was a sight I shall never forget. They were the toughest of the tough, and their photographs would make our American rogues' gallery blush. It was a study to see the various expressions of the hard, hell-in. crime-stamped faces. Some affected an air of indifference to our presence, and went on munching their meals without looking up; others gazed at us with an assumed eye of innocence, which seemed to say, "You are shockingly rude to even suspicion me;" a few did not disguise their displeasure at our unannounced call, and corrugated their brows and snarled and showed their teeth like dogs. The youngest, a boy of not over 16, as soon as he got over his scare, "guyed" us, and offered to treat to the stale beer in his pewter tankard. His bravado sat sadly on such young shoulders. A man stood in front of the fireplace who had evidently seen better days. His eyes were fixed the floor, and he never once lifted them. His clothing was seedy, but a trifle neater than those about him, and a badly demoralized plug hat raised him several degrees above his surroundings. His features were deeply-furrowed by vice, but through the hard lines you could read a few traces of former respectability. An old man, whose sharp, shy, sneaking face seems to have inherited sin as a birth-right, and feeding himself from a pocketful of uncooked vegetables, which he had no doubt stolen from some green grocer, or market stand.

The most individual character was a rather young, stout built man in whose face there was scarcely an indication of a human being. There was a fearful fascination in his features that held you with a snakelike charm. His features were square, bold and British. His nose lay flat on his face and his large, yellowish-gray eyes had the wide-open roll and eagerness of a panther. His expression seemed to say, "I could lap blood and deem it a dainty dish." He sat bold, upright, with a cap on his head, and glared full upon us. I have never seen just such a face, and am at a loss how to describe it. It appeared to be a nature but a bit above the brute, and unconscious of its degradation. It was a scene worthy of Dickens' pen or a great painter's brush. If it was not a hot-house of Hades I am no judge.

When we had fully surveyed the scene the inspector asked us, as a matter of form, if we "recognized any one," and upon our responding in the negative we filed out as we came in, the police parading with presented batons. A few jeers and "guys" were fired at us as we departed. The inspector always asked us in these dens if "we recognized any one," as he was supposed to be in search of a culprit. Had the thieves thought otherwise, there would have been a row at once, as they are not fond of visitors chaperoned by blue-coats.

We were told that the proprietor of the wretched den we had visited was wealthy, pulled the reins over a pair, and lived in sumptuous style. He never sees the place, but collects through an agent. His father, it seems, gave his personal supervision to a similar ranche until he got seven years for receiving stolen goods, and his rookery was razed to the ground by order of the city council. Our route took us to a tenement structure down an alley where 600 of these wretches, male and female, are sheltered and fed as so many swine. The policeman on duty said the guests were nearly all out at that hour, and that many of them did not get in until after midnight. We boarded the underground railway and had a look through east London, notorious in criminal annals. Hundreds of abandoned people herd together in that district, where they are fed and housed by wholesale at a small figure. A man or woman superintendent has charge, and sees that their meals, such as they are, are served up satisfactorily. The inspector told us that he had made many of his most noted arrests in this district.

In nearly all these places we could hear the word "wanted" softly passed as soon as we crossed the threshold. That meant a warrant was out as they thought, and it showed they were accustomed to the appearance of such documents. Almost invariably those we saw braced themselves with a rigid would-be expression of innocence, which was painfully artificial.

PRIMITIVE PLAY-ACTING.

When Managers Were Not Blamed for "Fazing" a Piece to Save Expenses.

[Cassell's Library.]

In 1563 there was a plague in London of which 21,520 persons died. Archbishop Grindal advised Sir William Cecil, the secretary (afterward Lord Burleigh), to forbid all plays for one year, and if it were forever, he said, that would not be amiss. They were acted on scaffolds in public places, like the interludes; and like them, with no more stage appointment than the dressing of the actors. Now that the public thronged to be thus entertained, the place of acting commonly chosen was one of the large inn-yards, which have not yet everywhere disappeared. The yard was a great square, rudely paved, entered by an archway, and surrounded by the buildings of the inn, which had an outside gallery on the level of the first floor, and a second gallery sometimes surrounding the yard on the floor above. Chaucer's "Tabard," in Southwark—its name afterward perverted to the "Talbot"—which stood until 1874 as it had been rebuilt in Elizabeth's reign may serve as an example.

The inn-yard having been hired for a performance, saving, of course, the rights of the customers whose horses were stabled round about, a stage was built at one end under the surrounding gallery. It was enclosed by curtains, tout fasaion, which hung from above and included a bit of the inn gallery for uses of the drama. The platform was strewn with rushes. Musicians were placed in the gallery outside the curtain. One sound of the trumpet called the public in, and they stood on the rough stones in the yard—the original "pit"—unless they engaged rooms that opened on the surrounding gallery, in which they might enjoy themselves, and from which they could look out on the actors. These rooms were the first private boxes, and when buildings were erected for the acting of plays, their private boxes were first called "rooms." The inn-gallery has been developed into the "dress circles" of modern times.

The second flourish of trumpets invited all spectators to settle themselves in their places. After the third sound of the trumpet the curtain was drawn, and the actors began to represent in action the story made for them into a play. There was no scenery. The bit of inn-gallery included between the curtains might be a balcony for a Juliet, a town wall or a tower to be defended, a palace-roof, or any raised place that was required by the action. The writer and the actors of the play were the whole play. They alone must present everything by their power to the imaginations of those upon whom they exercised their art.

At court, for the queen's pleasure, there was still only the scaffold on which to present the story, and, beyond the dressing of the actors, only the most indispensable bits of stage appointment; as a seat, if the story required that one should sit, or a table if necessary. But if the poet wanted scene painting he must paint his own scene in his verse.

An Artillery Interlude.

[Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

While there I witnessed a scene which is indelibly impressed upon my memory. Many We were standing at the side of the road watching one of the enemy's guns which was firing from a ridge overlooking the ground occupied by our army. We could see the puff of smoke, hear the report, and the projectile would go screeching over our heads or go crashing into something near by. Our artillery would then reply, and we would watch for the effect of the shot. We were finally rewarded by seeing the caisson belonging to the Confederate gun go up in a cloud of white smoke. Then our men sent up a great shout of triumph.

While this was going on and heads were being ducked in obeisance to the screeching shells, a couple of our men came strolling up the road arm in arm from the direction of the Chancellorsville house. One was decked out in a lady's bonnet and carried a fan, which he was languidly flirting back and forth, while the other played the gallant and sheltered his companion from the enervating rays of the sun with a light blue parasol. They acted well their parts as lovers, looking tenderly into each other's eyes, while apparently exchanging compliments in an undertone. They seemed to be perfectly oblivious of the fact that they were within range of the enemy's guns, and that shot and shell were being hurled about in a close proximity to them. Neither did they notice the laughter and explanations which greeted them at every step, but seemed to be living in a little world of their own, where all was peace and love. I did not know them, but have often wondered what was their fate in the conflict which followed. Did they escape unhurt, or did I perchance see their bones bleaching in the woods a year later when our army, then about to begin the fearful campaign under Grant, bivouacked for the night on this same battle-ground?

Measuring a Race-Course.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The conventional line upon which a race-course or trotting track is measured is at three feet from the rail or pole, which for a running or trotting horse under saddle, is correct, assuming him to maintain a uniform line at that distance. A horse in harness, however, allowing for width of sulky or wagon, can not with safety be driven in a line less than six feet from the rail; this would make the distance over the ordinary or accepted design of track of one quarter of a mile turns of 18.85 equal to 18 feet 10.2 inches. Then for a horse trotting over such a track in two minutes and thirty seconds there should be deducted from his time half a second. A double team would require this distance of six feet to be increased fully one foot, if not more. When the time is 2:08 the deduction should be forty-six hundredths of a second. When the design of a track is of irregular contour, the increased distance will vary with each design.

[Pioneer Press.]

On one of the trains coming into St. Paul was a man who was the worse for liquor and inclined to be loud. The conductor remonstrated with him; but he was a man resigned to his fate and refused to be quiet. "It don't make much difference," he said; "I'm going to the devil anyway. My relatives are few. They can all ride in a 'bus and carry the coffin on their knees. The funeral expenses'll be light."

ALADDIN'S CAVE.

WHERE THE TREASURES OF THE WEALTHY ARE STORED.

A Vault Which no Burglar Can Demolish—A Structure Against Which the Mob May Rage in Vain—The Inside.

[New York Sun.]

The vast fortunes in stocks and bonds of the millionaires of the city are not stored in the brown-stone dwellings of the avenue. The thin walls, black walnut doors, and easily picked locks of those houses would offer little resistance against the violence of a mob or the ingenuity of a burglar. The days when skillful crackmen could capture large quantities of valuable property in rich men's homes have almost passed away. Taught by experience, or admonished by example, persons with portable valuables have been forced to seek places of storage and security. Within nearly the last dozen of years there have sprung up in answer to that demand buildings of massive structure and exceptional strength. All that inventive genius could discover or money command has been employed to render these places fire and burglar proof. There are many of them scattered through the city from Wall street to Harlem, all agreeing in their main features of massive strength and inspiring solidity. These are known as safe deposit vaults. They usually occupy the ground floor of some stanch, fire-proof structure, and the mass of locks, bars, bolts, combinations and burglar-resisting contrivances is really wonderful.

A description of one up-town near the center of the city will answer for the rest. Entering from the street you pass up to a wall of solid steel bars, every bar as thick as a man's wrist, and twelve or fifteen feet high. These are firmly fastened to each other and into the stone floor, and across them is placed a stout wire screen. Two keen eyes sharply survey you from the interstices of the screen. If their owner is impressed favorably there is a clicking of locks, a rattling of bolts, and slowly the ponderous iron gate swings back. Next you fall into the hands of the superintendent, who gives you another keen survey, and then, unlocking an iron wicket, ushers you into the vaults. Two massive doors, each nearly eight inches thick, stand ajar. Each of the three entrances is double doored and every door is secured by time and combination locks and six large bolts of steel. Leaving the daylight with the outside world and passing into the interior, the brightly burning gas jets reveal a low-ceiled, square apartment. The floor is stone, iron and cement; the ceiling is iron, and four iron walls are concealed behind four rows of iron safes. This is the treasure house of Vanderbilt. Human skill could not build it stronger, mortal genius has not welded steel and stone into a firmer combination.

When one's eyes become accustomed to the light of this iron chamber one perceives that the surface of the walls is divided into little squares of various sizes. The depositor inserts a thin key of curious make in one of the squares. He begins to haul on the square, and it lengthens out into an oblong iron box nearly three feet long and divided into compartments. These boxes are movable, and may be taken out and brought into a private room, where in the strictest privacy the contents of the box may be examined. Other safes are firmly fastened into the wall, and have changeable combination locks. The locks of the outside doors of the vaults are both time and combination locks, and the time locks are so arranged that the doors, once closed, cannot be opened until 9 o'clock in the morning. Outside and inside at least a dozen persons are within earshot and could easily hear the slightest unusual noise. It is calculated that if by any accident the locks should all get out of order, it would require more than four days of constant labor to effect an entrance.

These vaults contain almost every variety of valuable property—gold and silver coin, greenbacks, diamonds and other precious stones, bonds, deeds and valuable papers of every description. Families breaking up housekeeping and removing or going abroad are obliged to store their plate and valuables for safety's sake. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has an immense amount of property stored in this way, and frequently goes to the vault to cut off the interest coupons of his bonds with his own fingers, or to read the tally of his golden hoard in all the seclusion that the stone-steel vault can grant. Private papers of immense value lie there in perfect security. Lawyers use the little safes as depositories for important papers, and the key of many a bitter litigation is locked up within those walls. Many fashionable ladies keep their jewels there, take them out for a evening and putting them back the next morning. Watchmen guard the vault within and without, and that all-potent agent, electricity, protects them by ingenious systems of bells and alarms. Even should a mob set out to pillage and destroy the city, it would rage in vain against these ironclad structures. The companies generally guarantee the safety of goods left in their care and charge only a few dollars a year for all this bolting, barring and unceasing vigilance. A small box costs $20 or $30. From this figure the rental of the boxes runs up into the hundreds, but all have the same measure of protection.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

A Good Meal for Ten Cents—Cheap Restaurant of the Better Class.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Attracted by a rough crayon drawing of Ben Butler adorning a placard on which was written "The Boss Workingman's Dinner for Ten Cents," a reporter descended to a basement restaurant on west Madison street, determined to see for himself what sort of a dinner could really be served for 10 cents. The room had the ordinary appearance of the cheap restaurant, but it was cleaner than is usually the case, and there was none of that "frowsy" smell that is so prevalent in places of this description. Dinner was "on" when the reporter entered, and the room was crowded with both men and women.

The men were all evidently of the decent artisan class, while the women were mostly work-girls from the neighboring stores. Seating himself at a table next a respectable-looking woman, the reporter called for his 10 cents' worth. In more aristocratic restaurants he had often been obliged to wait for a quarter of an hour before he was served, but here time was evidently money, for the order was hardly out of his mouth before the meal was before him. The dinner consisted of a large bowl (not cup) of excellent coffee, as much bread as he could eat, that article being supplied ad libitum, and a good large cut of beef off the joint, with a fair share of potatoes. There was just as much as any healthy man would care to eat, and it was as well cooked and almost as cleanly served as at a much more pretentious restaurant—and all for a dime!

In conversation the proprietor said: "I feed about 800 to 1,000 people a day; but not so many now as in summer, for when winter comes nearly all the lumbermen and dock hands go south. What profit do I make, did you say? Well, never more than a cent a dish; sometimes not that. It's the number we serve that makes it pay. It is a great mistake to suppose that the leavings of other restaurants are used up in cheap restaurants. Come with me into the kitchen and butcher's pantry and I will show you."

The reporter accordingly followed the proprietor, and was astonished to see the neatness and order that prevailed. In the butcher's pantry were hung up joints of meat as good and as fresh-looking as one could wish to see. At last the visitor thought he would have an opportunity of learning the mystery of "hash;" so he requested the proprietor to inform him as to the manufacture of that compound. "Nothing easier," was the reply; "you see we make nothing here but 'corned-beef hash,' and here is the corned-beef that it is made from," at the same time taking up a piece of excellent corned beef from a barrel. After seeing it the reporter felt that he could order hash with safety, the dread of eating hashed pussy cat being removed.

"What class of people frequent your place?"

"Chiefly mechanics and clerks. Somehow or another we never catch tramps. Now and again we get a stray one, but as a rule a tramp goes to a more expensive place. I have had customers coming here for years. Did you see that old man with gray hair? Well, he has been a customer of mine for years. He was worth his million once, but he has often told me that he enjoyed the dinner that he pays 10 cents for now better than he did the ones he used to pay as many dollars for. He had dyspepsia then, but he hasn't that now. They may talk about the high rate of living in Chicago, but I don't think they have much to complain of when a man can board well for $1.50 a week."

A Fraudulent Baron.

[New York World.]

I never shall forget that dear old fraud, Hector Carlos, Baron de Maincy, who illuminated our drawing-rooms a few years ago. He was good-natured and not very bright, and his mustache stuck out like two bradawls. For six years he was supported here, mostly by literary people, on the claim of being a baron, though why that should entitle him to support I do not see. He was a ladies' man, and one lady invested $13,000 in him, I have heard. He offered his noble hand to a daughter of ex-President John Tyler, and the offer was respectfully declined. He taught French a little, and was always getting up classes that dissolved mysteriously. "It is not necessary for me to teach," he once said to me, "and I will not stoop to get for less than $10 an hour for every person."

At last he turned up his aristocratic toes, and a subscription paper was passed around to bury him and erect over his remains a monument. Alas! within a month three wives arrived from different parts of the earth and inquired if he left anything. There was a scene. Then it came out that Hector Carlos, Baron de Maincy, was an impostor. His name was Carl Haase, his occupation a barber and valet. He took his master's name and title and desolated England and America with his expensive personality. He left a trunk full of letters involving a large number of ladies, a coat-of-arms, and any number of official cards. In course of time the monument was finished, but there was some hesitation about putting it over the prevaricating remains; so one of his most intense admirers erected it in her parlor, where for some months it commemorated the virtues of the last of the De Maincys. It seems to be a pretty good sign that a titled person is an impostor if he doesn't pay his bills.

Burst Up the Discussion.

[Chronicle "Undertones."]

I think most arguments are really about nothing. I never heard two people argue yet that some compromise was not come to by each of them saying:

"Oh! I did not understand you. I thought you said so-and-so."

I always remember as an example of the utter uselessness and fruitlessness of arguments a scene in which Cremony, who died some years ago, and Henry Edwards were the disputants. It was in the Bohemian club, late one night in 1873. The two were talking about London, and they came to a furious discussion over some little matter of life in the English metropolis.

"I tell you I know all about London, and I say that you are wrong."

"And I know something about the place, and I say I'm right."

It had passed through the retort courteous, the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, the counter-check quarrelsome, the lie with circumstance, and it had almost touched the lie direct, when in the lull of an angry silence, Edwards blurted out:

"When were you in London, Cremony?"

"In 1859," said Cremony.

And a yell of laughter from the listeners burst the discussion up.

On Political Matters.

[Josh Billings in Pretzel's Weekly.]

Ask my opinion of woman, and I am orthodox; buz me about horses, and I am lucid; tap me about morals, and I leak like the bunghole of a barrel; approach me with a subscription paper, and I melt; flatter me, and I weaken; abuse me, and I corruscate; intimate a brandy smash, and I succumb. But in all political matters I am a nursing child, an idiot, a fool on a furlough, a nondescript—a man too jealous of his ease and reputation to toss it into politics and let the rabble play at foot ball with it.